

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

W. C. PORTER, Publisher.

COLBY. - - - - KANSAS

IN VANITY FAIR.

Through Vanity Fair, in days of old,
There passed a maiden with locks of gold,
And a peddler opened his tempting pack,
Crying: "O my pretty lass! what if ye lack?
Here's many a ware
Costly and rare.
Come, buy—oh, come, buy!
In Vanity Fair."

"Silks and satins are not for me;
Lace is for damsels of high degree;
The lads would laugh in our country town
If I came clad in a brodered gown.
But yet there's a ware,
Precious and rare,
I fain would buy me
In Vanity Fair."

"Pray, sell me, sir, from your motley store,
A heart that will love me for evermore,
That, whether the world shall praise or blame,
Through sorrow or joy will be still the same.
'Tis the only ware
For which I care,
Mid all the treasures
In Vanity Fair."

"Much it grieves me, O lassie dear,"
The peddler said; "but I greatly fear
The hearts that loved in the old sweet way
Have been out of fashion this many a day;
And guided care
Is all the ware
You will get for your money
In Vanity Fair."

—Chambers' Journal.

STORIES ABOUT HORSES.

Illustrations of Their Intelligence and Affection.

Seeing Indians Afar Off—Mischievous "Dick" and "Jim"—How the Miner's "Best Friend" Saved the Life of His Master.

In the autumn of 1882, the writer, in company with an officer of the army, was riding along a trail which led through one of the detached mountain-ranges that border the White Mountains, or San Carlos Indian Reservation. Having reached an open part of the trail, the horses were walking along at a brisk pace, when, upon turning an abrupt angle, which opened upon an extended and magnificent scene, both horses shied, stopped short, and, with heads high in air and nostrils distended, evinced unmistakable signs of fear. The officer, who was an experienced frontiersman, apprehending the cause, quickly exclaimed: "Be on your guard, there are Indians hereabouts; the horses smell them."

Realizing that it would be as safe, perhaps, for us to remain where we were as it would be to turn back, we began reconnoitering, our horses, meantime, manifesting great uneasiness. Catching the drift of the wind, and looking carefully and anxiously in that direction, we soon discovered the cause of the alarm—an Apache buck and two squaws seated upon a broken crag several hundred yards above us, each as silent and motionless as the rock upon which they were reclining. The Indians seemed to be friendly, and, in response to a signal from the officer, clambered down the mountain to where we stood, when it was found that they were a nut-gathering party.

They informed us, by means of signs and a few broken expressions which the officer understood, that they had discovered us at a point several miles distant, and had selected a convenient position from which they could watch our movements unobserved. But for the sagacity of our horses they doubtless would have remained unseen by us. Our horses, the officer informed me, were veteran Indian fighters, having participated in several campaigns against the Apaches, and could "scent" an Indian at a great distance when the usually keen sense of hearing failed to detect the presence of an enemy.

A party of miners, not far from the city of Tucson, have a team of horses named "Dick" and "Jim." Dick is the older, and, probably on that account, presumes to direct the course of his younger companion. During the night the horses graze in the vicinity of the cabin occupied by the miners, and as day begins to break they approach quite close to the house, where they linger until the men make their appearance. Should the services of the horses be required, the men are particular to go forth with a nose-bag, at the sight of which the animals suffer themselves to be caught; but if, instead of a nose-bag, a bridle or rope should be taken, old Dick is sure to kick up his heels and run away. Not content to go alone, he will drive Jim away also, biting him if he does not move promptly, and thus, for a considerable time, will mischievously avoid his owners. After awhile, as if satisfied with their frolic, the horses will return to the cabin of their own accord, allow themselves to be saddled or hitched to the wagon, and throughout the day will work faithfully.

But the most remarkable trait of these horses is their habit of eating any thing and every thing which comes from the table. One evening, not long ago, while on a visit to the camp, I observed one of the men who cleared off the supper table, put the unconsumed portions of the meal—consisting of bread, potatoes, fried bacon, gravy and baked beans—into the horses' nose-bags and afterwards add a quantity of potato parings, rinds of smoked bacon and other "raw materials."

Not seeing any dog or chickens about, I inquired what he intended to do with the hotch-potch, and was surprised at his reply: "Feed it to the horses."

Seeing that he was in earnest, I went with him and was still more surprised to see both horses devour the "cold victuals" with as much apparent relish

and satisfaction as though the feast consisted of barley or oats.

The miners informed me that the horses were very fond of soup, and would even eat chow-chow pickles, which caused them to sneeze and make exceedingly amusing wry faces.

Both of these horses are great favorites, particularly the older one, whose funny tricks have established him in the light of a privileged character, and the high respect in which he is held by his owners is shown by the fact that they have named one of their best mines "The Old Dick."

One day last autumn, a miner, whose home is in an adjoining county, and who lives alone in a small cabin situated in the foot hills, several miles from his nearest neighbor, reached home about dusk from an extended prospecting tour, almost worn out and sick. He removed the saddle and bridle from his horse and threw himself down upon his cot and soon fell into a restless slumber, from which he awoke late in the night with a raging fever. Almost delirious, he knew not what to do, being alone and without medicines. It might happen that some neighbor would pass in the morning, but there was no certainty that any person would call for days or possibly weeks.

A realization of his hopeless condition aggravated his disease, and the poor man grew worse. Morning came, and he was unable to leave his bed. His horse, his one faithful friend and companion, could be heard near by, evidently waiting for his coming. All day long the animal remained within hearing distance, and during the long, tedious hours of the second night could be heard moving about with restless tread, as though conscious that some misfortune had befallen his master. Daylight appeared at last, and the sick man made an effort to speak. The horse, hearing the welcome voice, went to the door of the cabin, and, pushing it open, thrust his head into the sick man's presence, at the same time giving a low whinny, as much as to say: "What is the matter?" to which kindly inquiry there was no response save a moan of distress.

For a moment or two the horse stared strangely about, seemingly bewildered, then quickly withdrew, and galloped rapidly away. As the sound of the horse's feet died away, the sick man felt as though his only friend and means of relief were now lost to him, and he shuddered at the thought that he might fall into that never-waking sleep before any person could know that he was ill.

The nearest neighbor of the sick man was a ranchman, whose home was located on the river about six miles distant. Once in awhile this neighbor rode over to the miner's camp for a short visit; but these trips were made at irregular intervals, and there was no certainty when he would be there again. The ranchman, on the river, had finished his breakfast and was just coming out of his house, when his attention was attracted to a riderless horse coming down the mountain road at a tremendous gallop. The horse did not slacken his speed until he reached the corral, or inclosure, near the house. He was flecked with foam and short of breath, showing that he had come from a distance and at unusual speed.

The ranchman, knowing the horse, spoke to him gently, which the animal acknowledged by a loud whinny, at the same time running restlessly up and down the road by the corral. The ranchman approached the horse, which, however, would not suffer itself to be captured, but galloped off toward its home, stopping at a short distance, and looking back with evident anxiety. The ranchman returned to the corral, when the horse again galloped down the road, and moved uneasily about, as if determined to attract attention, whinnying and occasionally giving a loud snort, as though frightened. Another attempt to capture the horse, which, usually, was a very gentle creature, succeeded no better than the first, the animal avoiding the man in a manner hitherto unknown. The horse ran up the road again, and called to the man to follow—called to him by every dumb sign, almost as plainly as though he were possessed of the power of speech.

These unusual proceedings so impressed the ranchman that he felt that something was wrong. Could it be that Galena George—as the miner and owner of the horse was called—had met with some mishap? May be he had been murdered in his lonely cabin by "rustlers," or had accidentally fallen into the shaft of his mine without means of escape.

The strange conduct of the horse indicated that something unusual had happened, and that was enough to prompt the ranchman to speedy action. Calling one of his assistants, the men quickly saddled two of the best horses on the place, and securing their revolvers to guard against danger, and providing some medicines and stimulants to use in case of emergency, they rode rapidly away in the direction of Galena George's cabin.

George's horse, observing this movement, manifested great pleasure, and started on a gallop toward his home. The horseman followed at a lively pace, but the free horse kept well to the front, now and then looking back, as if to be sure that the chase had not been abandoned. On they sped, and in about forty minutes from the time of starting the men reached the cabin of their friend, which appeared to be deserted.

The men dismounted, and entering the cabin found George upon his couch, wasted in form and apparently dead,

and at the door stood the faithful horse, which, having tried to save his master, was patiently waiting for some sign that he yet lived. The sad sight was so touching as to force tears to the eyes of the men who had been guided by the noble brute to the rescue.

A hasty examination disclosed the fact that life was not extinct, and while one of the men set about preparations for the relief of the sick man, the other remounted his horse and galloped away for a physician, the nearest of whom lived some twenty miles away.

Before sundown of that day, the doctor reached the miner's cabin, and found the sick man conscious, through the skillful ministrations of his kind neighbor. Within a fortnight he was able to walk about. When told of the remarkable conduct of his horse, the man wept like a child. He said he had always known that his horse was unusually intelligent and affectionate, but he could scarcely believe the story of his wonderful sagacity.

George is in good health again, and the care and attention which he bestows upon his horse are like the care of a devoted mother for a favored son. Not long since, a gentleman, having learned of the incident related above, expressed a desire to purchase the horse, but George informed him that no amount of money could tempt him to part with the animal; that it was his intention to keep him as long as he lived, upon the very best that the land could produce, and when he died to bury him decently, and erect over his grave a monument with the inscription: "To my best friend."—*Youth's Companion*.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

Summer Styles in Neck-Wear, Hosiery, Shoes, Gloves, Etc.

Very delicate light colors are fashionable for scarfs worn at any time during the day; they are made of soft, light silks, sarahs, foulards, Bengaline, India silk, etc., and are to be tied by the weaker in a sailor knot. Lavender, gray-blue, pearl-color and heliotrope scarfs are shown, and there are also old-rose and pale primrose-yellow scarfs of satin or of crepe among the more fanciful things. Stripes and cross-bars and large balls are stylish designs not only for these light scarfs, but for the darker blue or gray scarfs and the mixed black and white scarfs which some men find most becoming. For the groom, best man and ushers at day weddings are white China crepe scarfs—pure white, not cream-tinted—tied in wide sailor knots, and the scarf-pin which the groom presents his attendants is worn in the upper left-hand corner of the knot. For mid-summer are white linen and white batiste scarfs with colored dots or figures embroidered all over them, and there are also China crepe ties, as narrow as those worn with dress suits, made up in exquisite shades of lavender, pale blue, or very light pink. The white tie for evening dress is of fine lawn, perfectly plain, and very narrow, only about seven-eighths of an inch in width.

Black and very dark blue socks that are almost black are most worn; these are in plain colors, with, perhaps, clocks of embroidery in self-color. Very finely striped socks of blue, brown, gray, or black with white are also worn in lisle-thread and in Balbriggans.

Handkerchiefs for day wear have inch-wide hems, and are of plain white linen, or else there are two rows of embroidered dots of several colors on the hem—red, blue, rose, yellow, and indigo dots all being on a single handkerchief. A new style for nice handkerchiefs has two rows of hem-stitching, one at the top, and the other through the middle of the hem.

Laced shoes or buttoned gaiters of calf-skin are worn in the street. The toes are neither pointed nor square, but are round, and of medium width; heels are low, and soles are not so heavy as those of last year. Patent-leather buttoned boots are worn on dress occasions. For midsummer, low Oxford ties will be made of patent-leather.

Two-buttoned gloves of heavy kid are chosen for the street in tan shades with wide stitching on the back done in darker brown silk; the seams in the fingers are lapped on the outside. Pearl-colored gloves with pearl stitching are worn in the evening, and also by the bridegroom, best man, and ushers at day weddings. Guests at day weddings wear darker gray pearl gloves stitched with black, or else light tan-colored gloves. Riding gloves are of light, soft leather with deep gauntlets.—*Harper's Bazar*.

One Dose Was Enough.

A prominent physician, who has since died, once wrote a prescription for a powerful liniment. He was noted among the druggists for his chirography. He had a large practice, and often wrote in such haste that it was difficult to read his prescriptions. The directions written upon the above-mentioned "recipe" were: "Apply locally as directed." The clerk read it: "Take a teaspoonful three times daily." The patient took only one dose.—*Harper's Magazine*.

How Bertie Knew.

Bertie—Pa, is that new Mr. Hanks an ice dealer?
Pa—Yes Bertie, how did you know?
Bertie—I didn't know, only I thought he was, for when the minister prayed for hot weather yesterday he said "Amen" awfully loud.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

—There is a village in Wales with a name containing seventy-two letters and twenty-two syllables.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Facts Showing That She Was Not an Educated Woman in the Sense of To-Day.

She did not spell well, and her grammar would hardly stand the parsing of the public schools. Copies of two of her letters to her sister, Mrs. Bassett, lie before me. They were written at about the beginning of the revolution. She begins one thus: "I have wrote to you several times, in hopes it would put you in mind of me, but I find it has not had its intended effect." Further on she adds: "The rivers has never been frozen hard enough to walk upon the ice since I came here." Among the misspelt words of the letter are: "Navey" for navy, "lodged" for loaded, "coles" for coals, "distant" for destined, "clere" for clear, "heare" for here, "pleased" for pleased, and "greatful" for grateful. Company she spells "companey," and persuaded "perswaded."

In the fac-simile of a letter that she wrote to William B. Reed, of New York, in 1777, I see that she knew no other punctuation mark than the dash, that the apostrophe was a stranger to her, and that her writing, though not illegible, was far from beautiful or elegant. The use of the capital was as embarrassing to her as the use of the punctuation point, and her letters look as though the capitals had been shaken out of a mammoth pepper-box and permitted to lie wherever they fell.

One of her letters, commencing "My dear Fanny," was lately communicated to Rev. H. E. Hayden, of Pennsylvania, by the *Magazine of American History*. It is dated "Mount Vernon, Aug. 7, 1784," and the verbatim spelling and punctuation are preserved in the publication. Some of the sentences begin with capitals and some without. She writes of "My little nelly," referring probably to Nellie Custis, and in the same line says that "Tut is the same elaver (clever) boy you left him," thus capitalizing the boy's name, while she gives no capital to that of the girl. She writes Fanny "that the General had received a letter from her papa" dated at "richmond," begins the next sentence with a small letter, and in it capitalizes "Brothers," "Families" and "General."

A person uses his best grammar while writing, and he who makes mistakes here makes more in conversation. Martha Washington may have been well educated in the school of society and in that of life. She was certainly not so in books and literature. There was no library to speak of at Mount Vernon, and General Washington was more of an out-door man than a student. We have no record of his wife being a reader, save that she read a chapter in her Bible every morning after breakfast. She knew nothing about novels, and the American monthly magazine, the great family educator of the present, was not yet born.

Martha Washington had, however, the best advantages of the day. Her whole life was spent among learned men and bright women, but there is no record left that she was brilliant in social conversation, and you will read in vain for the reported bon mots of Martha Washington. The truth seems to be that Martha Washington thought woman's sphere was home, and that knitting and cooking were more important than writing letters and a knowledge of French. She is said to have been a good business-woman and to have managed the large estate of her first husband very ably before she handed her share of it over to George Washington.—*Cosmopolitan*.

A BOOM STOPPED.

Why Capitalists Take No Stock in a Certain Dakota Town?

"Having a boom here?" asked a stranger, as he put his head out of a car window at a Dakota station.

"Naw!" replied a native.

"That's strange—thought every place had one this spring."

"They be, mostly," and the man sighed and leaned up against the depot.

"Then why isn't this town having one?"

"W'y, you see, stranger, it was owing to a little mismanagement. We planted a big Brighton Beach Boulevard addition over to the lake j'inin' the town, and you know the land there is just a little bit soft like. Well, the first speculator that come along the boys got too fast and took him down to it and he started to walk off across the lots, and I'm blamed if he didn't stick there and we couldn't git to him to pull him out."

"How long ago did it happen?"

"Bout two weeks."

"He must be dead, then?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon he's dead all right enough, but before he sunk out o' sight he hollered to other buyers that we took down and warned them 'bout the place, and somehow capitalists kinder got prejudiced ag'in' our real estate and we haint havin' no boom a-tail. I'm goin' to move."—*Dakota Bell*.

John Swinton, who was reduced from comparative opulence to poverty by his advocacy of the labor cause, and for whose benefit it was proposed to raise a fund by popular subscription, writes to the *New York Sun*: "Be so good as to squelch the whole thing at once. On my own account, and by myself, I shall do all the work required of me in this life; and I am happy to say that I can at any time get all the necessary means for it by conjuring with my 'magic staff' in the jound realms of literature."

—Mrs. Gladstone nearly always accompanies her husband to the House of Commons, and she never fails to wrap a stout comforter around his neck when he leaves for home.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Boil peaches, whole, fifteen minutes, using six ounces of sugar to a quart.

—Washing the hands twice a day with corn-meal, and rubbing on a little glycerine at night, will keep them soft and white.

—To beautify the plumage of fowls feed the seeds of sunflowers. If these can not be obtained give a small quantity of flaxseed occasionally.

—Head work saves a great deal of hand work, and if systematically performed, relieves the routine of life of some of its dullness.—*Prairie Farmer*.

—When the trees are low headed, they may be sprayed more effectually if the water barrel and pump is mounted on a drag or drag instead of upon a wagon.—*Home and Farm*.

—A correspondent in British Columbia writes that he shall keep a stock of cows almost solely for the profit from the manure for use on his market gardens.—*State Republican*.

—With reference to the quality of wool, it is claimed that clay produces the best, sand second and lime the most inferior quality. In cold climates wool has a finer texture and a superior quality.

—Chicken Soup.—Cut up one chicken and put it into two quarts of milk; season with salt and pepper. When about half done add two tablespoonsful of barley or of rice. When this is done remove the chicken from the soup, tear or cut part of the breast into small pieces, and add to the soup with a cup of cream.—*Exchange*.

—Work up your home market. A considerable quantity of fruit can be sold at home at profitable prices if only a good effort is made. Remember in shipping you have to pay transportation and commission charges, run the risk of getting to market when there is an overstock, and running the risk of loss, so that you can readily afford to take a little less and sell at home for cash.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

—At the present price of pure-bred dairy cows, few farmers feel able to buy them, unless they intend to combine with dairying the business of fine stock-raising. The dairyman will, therefore, find the plan of starting with select grade cows, and a pure-bred bull of good pedigree, best adapted to limited purse. A herd of three-fourths or seven-eighths Holstein or Jersey grade cows, can thus be built up in a few years.—*St. Louis Republican*.

—Stewed Codfish.—Put three pounds of fresh codfish into boiling water, adding a teaspoonful of salt, and, after boiling five minutes, allow it to drain. Heat in a sauce pan one pint rich milk or cream, with four tablespoons fine bread crumbs. Place the fish into this sauce, stewing it for ten minutes, and season with cayenne pepper. Cut the codfish into pieces. Sliced hard-boiled eggs served with this sauce tends to improve the same.—*Chicago Herald*.

—To handle bees one should be gentle in movement. Bees when frightened will not sting. By fuming them with smoke very slightly by means of a bee-smoker, they are rendered gentle. When not gathering they may be best handled under a bee-net made of wire gauze and factory cloth, sustained by a light frame. This should be about 4x6x6 feet. The bees are only handled under this net at such times as they are perfectly amiable, and, of course, there is no danger of inciting robbing.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*.

CARE OF PASTURES.

A Successful Way of Preventing the Uneven Growth of Grass.

When pastures are not grazed very closely, and a liberal and luxuriant growth of grass is permitted, it often happens that masses and patches of the grass will run up to seed, and become too dry and hard for the animals to touch it. When this occurs, the pasture is diminished in value, and does not afford so much feed as when the whole is a uniform mass of succulent herbage. Thrifty farmers prevent this uneven appearance by passing a reaping machine over the field with the knives set about ten inches high, cutting off the heads of such grass as may have begun to form seeds, laying open the green herbage below, and giving the whole field an even and handsome appearance. The defect in this treatment is not doing the work soon enough, the grass below having become too ripe, and some exhaustion having already occurred in the formation of the seed heads. The work should therefore be performed before the heads have fairly made their appearance, preserving the green and fresh mass over the whole field.

Another and an important advantage attends this treatment in new pastures. Annual weeds often accompany the growth of the young grass, and disfigure the fields. Cutting these off with the reaper at the proper time will prevent the ripening or forming of the seeds, and assist in eradicating them and in forming a perfect pasture.

During unusually moist summers, the growth of grass in pastures will sometimes be much heavier than is required to supply the demands of the grazing herd. In this case, the field may be made to serve the purpose of both meadow and pasture, by cutting the grass eight or nine inches high just before the forming of the seed, taking this early cut of grass for hay, and leaving a handsome pasture. The many acres which a reaper will go over in a day, will repay several times over, in their improved condition all the labor required.—*Country Gentleman*.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Moody Birthday Endowment Fund for the schools at Northfield is growing slowly toward the desired limit of \$40,000.

—A little girl in the primary school was asked to tell the difference between the words "foot" and "feet." She said: "One foot is a foot, and a whole lot of foots is a feet."—*Bazar*.

—The Presbyterian Synod of India is composed of five presbyteries, fifty-four ministers, eighteen candidates, twenty-eight churches, 712 communicants and 2,328 Sunday-school scholars.

—The home Sunday-school of Mr. Spurgeon's church has 108 teachers, all members of the church, and 1,428 scholars. In all the schools connected with the Tabernacle there are 7,677 scholars.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

—Missionary Richards writes from the Banza Manteke mission on the Upper Congo: "This is no longer a heathen country. The 'Nkimbis,' the 'Nkisses,' the poison-giving, the throat-cutting, the demoniac yells, the diabolical dance and witchcraft, are things of the past here. Of the 1,000 converts, 870 are grown people."

—Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, has given to the First Methodist Church, of Newcastle, Pa., a building-lot valued at \$4,000, on condition that the congregation will erect a church to cost at least \$25,000. Mr. Sankey, some years ago, gave the Young Men's Christian Association in Newcastle a \$50,000 building.—*Chicago Advance*.

—A teacher in Massachusetts was speaking of the difficulty of defining some very common words. "Now there is the verb to be." What does it mean when I say 'I am?' "Maggie's hand was waved frantically around, and her whole body seemed to be in the throes of a mighty and startling thought. "Well, Maggie, what does it mean?" "It means—it means that when any body asks as how 'y' ain't, an 'thin 'y' are."—*Harper's Bazar*.

—Jonas G. Clark, founder and president of the new Clark University to be established at Worcester, Mass., has given for the institution the sum of \$2,000,000, to be divided as follows: \$300,000 for the erection and equipment of buildings; \$100,000, the income of which shall be devoted to the maintenance of a library; \$600,000 for an endowment fund; real estate, books, works of art, to the value of \$500,000; and \$500,000 for a professorship endowment fund.—*Public Opinion*.

—The Governor of South Carolina, and other State officials, recently visited Claflin University, a Methodist Freedmen's institution at Orangeburg, S. C., and examined carefully all its departments and was most favorably impressed. "This," he said, "is a great revelation." He addressed the students in the chapel and said that he was surprised and delighted with what he had seen, and that henceforth Claflin University would find in him a friend and an earnest advocate.—*N. Y. Independent*.

TEACH OBEDIENCE.

The Royal Road to Virtue, Prosperity and Good Citizenship.

Many a passionate child rules the household. The little baby on his mother's knee goes into a passion because his dinner is withheld from him, or some toy denied him. He shrieks, and strikes his mother, and the mother says: "Poor little boy, he has such a passionate nature; he can't be crossed," and yields to him. She ought to spank him—spank him hard—for being in a passion, and give him nothing till his passion had cooled. The child, though he be so young that he can not speak, if he is old enough to lift his fist and strike a blow, deserves punishment, needs to have a lesson of repression taught him. The mother who neglects this increases the chances of her son's going to the gallows. When the child is older, there are better disciplinary punishments than spanking; but when the child reaches such an age that they are useful, it may be too late, his temper may have grown into a dominating force in his character that can not be eradicated. Mothers sometimes say when a child shows a vile temper and shrieks a good deal, that it would endanger his life to punish him; perhaps so, but you still more endanger his future if you don't punish him. Many a gallows tragedy has had its beginning on the mother's lap.

Day by day I see criminals, hundreds of them—thousands of them in the course of the year. I see scores of broken-hearted parents wishing rather that their sons had never been born than that they had lived to bear such burdens of shame and disgrace. I hear the wailing of disappointed mothers, and see humiliated fathers crying like children because of the sins of their children. I see mothers growing gray between the successive visits in which they come to inquire about the boy in prison. And seeing these dreadful things till my heart aches and aches, I say to those mothers and fathers whose boys have not yet gone astray, to those mothers and fathers whose little families are the care of their lives, teach your children obedience. I want it written large. I wish I could make it blaze here in letters of fire. I wish I could write it in imperishable letters, glowing letters on the wall of every home—obedience, obedience, obedience! Obedience to law—to household law; to parental authority; unquestioning, instant, exact obedience. Obedience in the family; obedience in the school! Wherever, from the beginning, from the first glimmering of intelligence in the child, there is expression of law, let there be taught respect for it and obedience to it. It is the royal road to virtue, to good citizenship; it is the only road.—*N. Y. Independent*.